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THE ART OF ROMANTIC FICTION.

THE absence of criticism, to which we have referred, is perhaps more obvious in Fiction than in any other department of our literature.* Everybody writes fiction: 'it is as easy as lying.' When the boy and girl have left school, and look around for the first time upon society, they sit down at once to dash into three volumes of an account of its life and manners, tracing out the springs of action, and anatomising the sentiments and passions. They know, if they know anything at all, that their theme is philosophy in action, and their Mr A's and Lady B's the algebra of morals. But, after all, it is only *fiction* they aspire to deal with; and they have no mistrust of the powers that have been exercised, from the age of dolls up to that of sweethearts, in peopling the small area in which they lived, moved, and had their being, with shadows and mockeries!

If the authors do not hesitate, why should the reviewers? If it is so easy to write fiction, surely it is still easier to estimate it when written; and accordingly the journalist, who would look with respectful suspicion upon a work in philosophy, declares, without a moment's hesitation, his opinion of a novel. The opinions, however, with which the public are thus favoured, are rarely consonant; and the reason is, that they usually spring from individual tastes or fancies, irrespective of any general principle of criticism; just as Lamb might have pronounced Scott to be a confused writer, because he himself was bewildered, rather than interested, by his narratives. In a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' there is an attempt to generalise on the subject, introduced in an essay on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' to which are appended, oddly enough, some specimens of a romance of the day. The attempt, however, is partial; and to us it conveys the idea that the writer had not sufficiently elaborated his theory, to have any very distinct notions himself on what he would communicate to his readers. He divides works of fiction 'as to their peculiar merits'—that is to say, as to their construction, apart from considerations of subject and style of composition—into those whose principal aim is excellence in plot, in character, or in scenery. But no novelist, practically speaking, aims at anything else than to tell his story well and effectively, however his peculiar genius may lead him to excel in one of the three assumed conditions of success, and fail in the other two. As to that which relates to scenery, the critic includes in it not only the playhouse properties of picture, dresses, and other physical appliances, but the fancies and reflections that give its moral colouring to the piece. This involves a manifest error;

for these two kinds of colouring are not only distinct in themselves, but in their higher qualities are almost never found in union. It would in our opinion, therefore, answer better the purpose of criticism to consider the conditions of success as *fourfold*; namely, plot, character, moral colouring, and material colouring.

We remember having been much amused by the ingenious theory touching the production of what may be called *optical music*, by presenting certain colours to the eye in artistical sequence, so as to have a similar effect to that of the notes of the piano upon the ear. This silent music was to be played by the fingers, like an instrument of sound; and the beholder was expected to be softened or stirred by the mystic harmonies of colour, in the same way, and to the same degree, as if he was listening to the piece of a master. Fanciful as the notion may seem, it is not without its foundation in truth; and perhaps, when we are more highly educated in æsthetics, and our perceptions have become in consequence more acute and refined, men may revert to the subject as at least a possible means of extending their enjoyments. A similar harmony is unconsciously extracted from an extended view of natural objects—spread out before us, for instance, in a wide and varied landscape. The picture does not come upon us in one impression. We separate its parts; we bring together its affinities; we arrange its contrasts and sympathies; and the pleasure we receive is in proportion to the refinement of our taste, and the unconscious skill we exercise in its gratification. The work of an artist is of the same kind, but more determinate in its object. He does not collect, but select the parts of the landscape. He fixes perhaps upon some special feature; but even then he is not a mere imitator of the physical realities before him. The position of a tree, the inclination of a branch, the introduction of a figure, the form of the clouds, the calm still blue of the heavens—all these, and a thousand other similar circumstances as trivial in appearance to the uninspired or uneducated eye, may give its character to the piece. The artist, in fact, does by rule what the idle spectator does by instinct. Were this not the case, he would create—or, to speak more correctly, construct—only for his own gratification; for he would be without his world of admirers to cheer him on by their applause, and advance in knowledge and refinement, and in virtue and happiness, by his aid.

A strict analogy may be traced between the artist in forms and colours and the writer of fiction. Human life is the wide and varied landscape from which the novelist selects his incidents, characters, and hues; and on the taste and skill with which these are combined, so as to form *one picture*, depends his success. He is no more to follow 'nature,' as the phrase is—by which is meant mere physical reality—than the painter. He

* See 'What is Criticism?' in last number.

must select, adjust, interweave. He must be possessed with a consciousness that the whole of the landscape before him—in other words, the whole of human life—is at his disposal; that he is not a surveyor, or land-measurer, or statistician; but that, however circumscribed may be the scene he has chosen, it is his business to take care that there is a sympathy, a harmony, a oneness in its parts, which will form a perfect *enchainement* of interest in the whole.

In writing biography, or in relating in conversation the history of one of our acquaintances, we are not permitted to sacrifice the true for the sake of artistic effect, any more than a surveyor is permitted to transform or transpose the parts of an architectural drawing for the sake of the picturesque. We relate the circumstances just as they occurred; although adorning them, according to our own taste, with the elegancies of language, and flinging upon them the incidental colouring of sentiment and description. Fiction, however, is widely different from biography. There we have not only the colours, but the incidents and their sequence, at our own disposal, and it is our business to select and arrange them according to the rules of art. This seems a trite observation; but we can undertake to say, from a somewhat wide experience, that it is very rarely applied. The sequence of incidents, or, in other words, Plot, is misunderstood even by the critic whom we have alluded to above. He declares the plot of 'Quentin Durward,' for instance, to be absurd, when it is in reality a perfect masterpiece of the art. We of course do not talk of the incidents themselves, but of their sequence and connection. We do not praise the object in view—which is simply that of getting a commonplace adventurer married to a commonplace heiress—but the skill exercised in bringing even the most trivial circumstances, as well as the great events of history, to bear upon that object. Thus, in estimating the science which has constructed a bridge, we do not take the purpose of the work into account; for that belongs to an inquiry of a totally different nature.

An artistically-constructed plot resembles the arch of a bridge in this: that all its parts are *necessary*. We may indulge our taste or fancy as much as we please in extrinsic ornament; but the real works of the construction, whether this be literary or scientific, must form an indispensable part of the whole. The best test to which to put a fictitious narrative, is to deprive it of a leading incident; and if it stands under the deprivation, its construction is not artistic, and it must be condemned in point of plot. An illustration of this fact may be found in the works of nature herself. An imperfect animal (such as a centipede) may have any number of limbs the trunk will carry, and in many tribes the loss of a limb is attended with no inconvenience, and, indeed, with no permanent derangement even of symmetry, since it grows again. But as we ascend in the scale of being, the Great Architect is not so lavish. The limbs become fewer as they become more valuable; and in the most perfect of all developments they are in exact proportion to the requirements and necessities of the species. The human body resembles a perfect fiction, where all the parts are necessary, congruous, and symmetrical.

It is curious that Scott himself, the greatest master of plot in our language, was not aware of its value in fiction.* But the gifted novelist wanted a philosophical

and inquiring mind, just as the world-renowned author was destitute of a sense of the intellectual grandeur of literature. Among the novels he commends most highly as novels is 'Marriage'; a work which, though abounding in character, fulfils no other condition of the fictitious narrative. In 'Marriage,' the heroine is brought up in the Highlands of Scotland, having been deserted by her fashionable mother. In due time she repairs to London to seek this parent, and is met with coldness or dislike. She falls in love with a gentleman, whose mother desires their union; but the fear that her suitor is influenced only by sentiments of filial obedience, makes her hesitate; till at length, being accidentally convinced of his affection, the marriage takes place, and the story ends. This is the plot of 'Marriage.' Everything else in the book is extraneous. The sketches of character throughout, however, are striking, and sometimes excellent; and the reader, led on from one to another, fancies he is interested in the narrative, till on looking back at the end he sees only some unconnected groups or individuals dotting the distance in his memory.

If Character were the most important condition of success, we should have to place various contemporaneous names above that of Scott. Scott never reached the philosophical depth either of Godwin or Bulwer Lytton (two completely opposite writers); and there are several of the characters of Dickens and Thackeray which would lose little by comparison with those of the Waverley Novels. Scott, in fact, may be said to stand higher as a painter of manners than of character; but it is the *completeness* of his fictions as works of art—the indestructible web, so to speak, of their story—which, notwithstanding some deficiencies in character, and at least moral colouring, place him at the head of the artists of this century, and will make the world recur to him again and again when successive schools, after flourishing for a while, sink and disappear. This distinction between character and manners was felt before the time of Scott by Johnson; although in the illustration he gives, the conversational oracle appears to confound elaboration with profundity, preferring the surface-carving of Richardson to the artistic completeness of Fielding. 'There was as great a difference between them,' says he, 'as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate!' But Johnson felt the philosophical fact, though misled in its application by his customary prejudice, and he shows why manners will always have the advantage in popularity over character; characters of manners being 'understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart.'

We are not sure, indeed, that character, in the highest sense of the term, belongs to prose fictitious narrative at all. Manners are the material indication and outward garb of character, and have their natural place in a story of the events of human life; but the depths of the mind can only be explored and revealed in a metaphysical essay or a poem. 'Macbeth'—'Othello'—'Lear'—these are narratives, and in a certain sense monologues, of character. In them all things are subordinate to a single end. The design is not so much to relate a story of human life, as to dive into the arcana of the human mind. The persons of the drama are brought in for the purpose of ministering to one personage; and the action is described, not as interesting in itself, but merely as the vehicle of an idea which could not otherwise be revealed to the senses. In prose fiction, character—always speaking of it in the highest sense of the term—is never duly appreciated, otherwise 'Mandeville,' for instance, would not now lie buried in the dust of a score of years. The only reason that need be given is, that it can neither in itself fulfil the conditions of romance, nor consent to the common rules of co-operation.

After plot and character comes Moral Colouring, in which the author sometimes appears as an interpreter

* It must be admitted that the fourth volume of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' has hardly any connection with the plot; but it appears to have been written merely to fill up to the length of the former series, and for the sake of pecuniary gain.

of exoteric symbols, and sometimes traverses the stage like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, the popular expression of intelligence and sympathy. This is a more important part of the fictitious narrative than it would at first sight appear; and the reason is, that its mode of operation is not always obvious. It would be easy to dispute a direct proposition, or guard against a false corollary; but the moral colouring is sometimes so closely interwoven in the action described, that its source is imperceptible. The slightest possible exaggeration, for instance, will not unfrequently make a virtuous action ridiculous. The colouring is thus given in the mode of representing circumstances, as well as in avowed sentiments and comments, and may be described as being reflected through the prism of the author's individuality. This affords a very tempting outlet for self-esteem. Young writers, when young persons, always begin with novels and moral essays—the very things of all others which they cannot by possibility know anything about; and when they betake themselves to fiction, they can never refrain from favouring the world with choice bits of their idiosyncrasy. The time has been, indeed, when this accessory to fiction was esteemed capable of sufficing for all, and when sentimental novels were supposed to require little or no aid from plot, character, or material colouring. In Scott this rule is reversed. His sentiment is neither profound nor always even correct. He does not reason, but describe. His field is action, not thought. He knew intuitively that the exterior life was the province of romance, and that when romance went deeper, it strayed into the bounds of poetry. But the line must not be harshly drawn, for there will always be a debatable ground between the two regions of art: and here was the weak point of Scott in his literary character, for his poems themselves are merely romances in rhyme.

The Material Colouring is to fiction what the scenery, dresses, and decorations are to the drama; and the greatest living master in this department of the art—far superior even to Scott (though far inferior to Defoe)—is the American novelist Cooper. Knowing nothing of the requirements of plot, and very little of manners; with hardly the faintest notion of ethnography, or the depiction of mental character, and destitute of the depth of mind required in moral colouring, it is wonderful how much he does, even in narrative, by the mere aid of scenery. The desert and the ocean seem in his hands endowed with life; their phenomena are the material agents of the story; and the human beings who wander over their bosom seem hardly necessary as a point of human interest. The vessel at sea, or the wagon in the prairie, is the true personage of the piece; and even if we were to divest these of every connection with social life, they would still rivet our sympathy. Though so great, however, in the distinct branch of the art now referred to, Cooper is so poor even in character of manners, that the Americans themselves, if we may judge from a satirical poem recently published, begin to turn his pretensions as to this essential condition of romantic fiction into ridicule.

Material colouring, however, has been elevated in point of art by younger writers, although not rendered more subservient to the purposes of fictitious narrative. The pantheistic tendency of poetry has encroached upon the region of romance; and the sights and sounds of nature are now endowed with a mystical meaning, which, however adapted for the inner life, must diminish the effect of those external incidents that are the staple of fiction. Dickens is a master in this way; but the more extravagant he is in the accessory, the less successful he is in the art. His reputation as a novelist will, in our opinion, rest ultimately upon 'Oliver Twist' and 'Nicholas Nickleby;' the overcharge in the kind of colouring alluded to, so obvious in his more recent productions (not to mention their comparative inferiority in plot and manners), injuring them as works of art.

We have now glanced rapidly at the principal condi-

tions of romantic fiction; and if we only remember that the main subject of this department of art is a *narration of events*, we shall be at no loss to conclude that plot is the most important of all. It is no excuse for a story inartistically constructed, that its incidents are true. If they are incapable of standing alone in their sequence, why present them in the form of a fiction? This cannot arise from our respect for the true, but from our confounding the true with the natural. The truth of romance, however, is the truth of poetry, the truth of nature, and not the truth of individual facts. Neither sketches of character and manners, nor moral and material colouring, however good in themselves, will make a good romance. A painter of figures might as well depend upon his flesh-tints, drapery, and back-ground, without a knowledge of anatomy. Plot is the bones, sinews, muscles of the piece, and the other conditions give beauty and finish to the whole. We cannot give up too much to plot; but the rest must be kept in due subordination, and toned down when necessary, so as to contribute to the general effect.

Let us not be told that fictions *succeed* when they are mere sketches of character—mere sentimental rhapsodies—mere descriptions of scenery; for we are not pointing out the way to popularity, but to improvement in art; and not depreciating the merit of ethnologists and colourists as such, but denying that they are, in the large sense of the word, artists. The fetters we would impose upon the novelist are not restrictions upon genius any more than the rules of the drama, of epic poetry, of pictorial art, or of the other provinces of taste. We would only suggest that there can be no steady improvement in any of these departments without theoretical knowledge, and that it is the duty of criticism, as the handmaid of art, to proffer her assistance in the misty aspirations, the convulsive throes, and instinctive graspings of genius. The present would seem to be a favourable time. The Germans, in their search after the mystical, have stumbled upon the natural, and borne the first torch of discovery into that magnificent mine, rich in all the more elegant and gem-like treasures of intellect. Systematised by them almost into a science, aesthetics, or the philosophy of art, is now extending throughout the whole world of taste; and criticism, though not aesthetics—though nothing so high and holy—is based upon its laws, and bows reverently to its authority. Let criticism, then, prevent the waste of mind that has so long been going on. Let romantic fiction, under its tutelage, share in that progress which has now become an almost universal law; and let a department in literature, only second to epic poetry, assume a position of corresponding dignity.

L. R.

THE LADY OF LOUDUN.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

ABOUT the end of October, some six or seven years ago, I was returning homeward from the south of France, after passing a part of the autumn in the Pyrenees. My only companion was a puppy of that famous breed of Pyrenean watchdogs, in whom the wolf finds a deadly antagonist, and the bear a formidable foe. But at that time there was nothing very fierce in the appearance of Gave—such was the name it bore, in memory of the mountain torrent beside which it was born—for it was only three weeks old, and travelled very comfortably in one of those round baskets which the Bearnaise peasants use to carry their eggs in to the market of Pau. As the basket was rather cumbersome, I found, after the experience of the first four-and-twenty hours, that it would be as well for my own comfort if I placed Gave under the care of the *conducteur*, and to that functionary I accordingly consigned her, leaving myself nothing to look after but my own comfort. The route I chose from Bordeaux was by the steamer down the Gironde as far

as Mortagne, where I took the diligence to Saintes, and from thence by way of Niort to Poitiers. Nothing more remarkable occurred before I reached the antiquated capital of Poitou than a furious cold, which I caught *en route* from keeping the window open all night on my side, in consequence of the disagreeable proximity of a young priest who got into the diligence at Lusignan, and who certainly could have had nothing in his person to charm the fairy Melusine, the tutelary genius of that romantic spot, unless her olfactory nerves were French overproof. At Poitiers a grand fair was being held, and it was with some difficulty I could find a bedroom to spare at the Hôtel de France where we stopped; but as I wanted one more on account of my four-footed companion than on my own, I succeeded at last in getting the necessary accommodation, locked up Gave for the day, and devoted the whole of the time I was to remain at Poitiers in visiting the countless relics of antiquity for which the old city is so remarkable. In the evening I resumed my journey towards Saumur on the Loire, and a little after midnight arrived at Loudun.

The occasions are few on which I have been more impressed with a feeling of solemn awe than during the half hour I stayed at Loudun; for so long did it take to obtain the relay that was to convey us the next stage, and to receive the only passenger, who certainly did not appear to be in any extraordinary hurry. In the meantime, such travellers as had started from Poitiers with me had been set down at different places on the road; and when the tired horses were taken out of the heavy, lumbering diligence, and I was left alone in the wide market-place, with the bright moonlight casting the towers of the old church of St Pierre into deep shadow, and throwing a ghastly light on the tall houses opposite, it seemed as if no effort of memory were necessary to bring vividly before me the scene of cruelty which, two hundred years before, had been perpetrated there, when Urbain Grandier, accused and convicted of witchcraft, but in reality the victim of priestly tyranny, was burned in the square on which I was now gazing. Could we recall, or were we acquainted with the events which have happened wherever, in the course of our wanderings, we may chance to have paused, no doubt the recollections might be as melancholy as they proved to be on this occasion; for where is the spot of earth unprofaned by crime more or less recent? But even those places with which we are most familiar depend in a great degree upon the aspect under which they are presented to us for the impression which they produce. In the broad light of day other influences are at work: we argue more coolly, we take things more as a matter of course than at any other time; but when, unexpectedly, and in the dead hour of night, the memory of deeds of blood forces itself upon us, it meets with a very different reception. It was for this reason, I suppose, that the fate of Urbain Grandier had so much hold upon my imagination at that moment.

The uncomfortable feeling which I have described was gaining ground very rapidly, when the clattering sound of horses' hoofs and the postilion's rude voice of encouragement luckily dispelled them. Our cattle were put to with the usual noise which accompanies the yoking of a team, or anything else, in France; but before we started for Fontevault, the steps of the diligence were let down, and the door was thrown open by the conducteur, to admit the person who was to occupy the interior with me for the rest of the night. The night appears to be considered the most propitious of all seasons for travelling in France, and indeed gene-

rally on the continent; and whether the distances be long or short, the public conveyances always set out at the most inconvenient hours. Perhaps locomotion is so much less natural to them than to ourselves, that they try to get over it in their sleep. Their own excuse is, that it saves time; and so it does, if you are fit for anything next day, after travelling all night in a diligence. I did not, however, question the propriety of the arrangement at Loudun when I found that my companion was a female, and as far as I could judge by the glimpse I got of her figure, young and well formed. The conducteur, with customary politeness, assisted her into the diligence, and then handed to her something covered over with a handkerchief, which had greatly the appearance of a bird-cage; nor could I have much doubt of the fact when I heard the lady utter a chirping sound, and desire Coco 'rester bien tranquille.'

'A canary,' thought I; 'it's a pity that my pet is not inside too.' But I consoled myself with the reflection that she was most probably fast asleep in her basket in the sheltered cabriolet overhead.

The terrific rattle of the wheels of the diligence through the deserted streets of Loudun totally precluded all attempts at conversation, even had either of us been so inclined; and when the carriage was fairly off the *pavé*, each seemed more disposed to entertain a previous current of thought than to excite a new one. For my part, I insensibly got back to poor Urbain Grandier, and was speculating on the probable fate of his cruel persecutors, when, half an hour perhaps having elapsed, I was disturbed from my reverie by some drops of water falling on my hand. I looked about me to ascertain the reason, and could just see, by the waning light of the moon, that the bird-cage which my fellow-traveller held on her knee had slightly tilted on one side, though her hands still rested on it, and that the water which was meant for the bird was dropping upon me.

For the better explanation of our relative positions, I ought to mention that the lady and myself sat on the same side, the back seat of the carriage, which left our limbs more at liberty, and gave each of us the most comfortable corner.

'Pardon, madame,' said I, addressing my companion; 'I am afraid your cage will fall: permit me to replace it.' The lady offered no objection, but neither replied nor stirred, not even to raise her hands; so I fixed the cage in an upright position as well as I could. 'She is sleepy, I suppose,' said I to myself, my vanity putting the best construction on her indifference. 'Well, I will try to follow her example.'

I accordingly crossed my feet on the seat opposite; and settling myself well back, prepared to court the drowsy god, who generally shuns me when I travel at night. I think I should soon have been successful, for in a very short time that sense of indistinctness which precedes sleep began to steal over me; but before it had quite obtained the mastery, I was again disturbed by the dripping of water, which this time fairly trickled through my clothes. I felt excessively annoyed, not only on account of the humidity, which made me feel very uncomfortable, but because the night itself was exceedingly cold; and it was with something of asperity in my tone that I said, in a louder key than I had used before, 'Voilà qui est bien gênant, madame; prenez garde à votre oiseau, je vous prie; je suis tout-à-fait mouillé.'

But neither by word nor sign did the lady show the slightest consciousness of my having again addressed her.

'If people will go to sleep in public carriages,' I muttered, 'they ought at any rate to be careful not to annoy their fellow-travellers!'

This truism, however, fell harmless on the ear of the sleeper; and seeing that there was nothing to be got from her, I resolved to take the remedy into my own hands. Leaning forward, therefore, I tried to withdraw the bird-cage from its place on the lady's knees; but

she held it so tightly, that I could not release it, though I employed a little gentle force to accomplish my purpose.

'Very singular,' thought I, 'that she should sleep so soundly. Why, the fluttering of the bird would have awakened me!'

But the lady was still, and so now was the canary; for as I had given the thing up as a bad job, it had recovered its equilibrium on its perch, though the cage, like the Tower of Pisa, had lost its perpendicular. Luckily, however, for me, all the water had oozed out, so I once more leaned back in my corner.

Though the roads in this part of the country are, generally speaking, very good, inequalities sometimes occur; and this I imagine must have been the case when we got to about a league and a-half from Fontevault, for I suddenly felt a violent jerk, which not only completely woke me up, but threw my companion heavily upon my shoulder, where she lay with all her weight.

'Well,' said I, 'this is rather too bad: 'can't she sleep in her own corner? People have no right to go to sleep who can't keep their balance.' Saying which I tried to raise her; but she was as heavy as lead, and, embarrassed as I was with my cloak, I could not stir her.

'Madame!' shouted I in her ear as loud as I could; 'savez-vous, madame, que vous m'écrasez? Ayez-la bonté, madame, de vous relever.' But I might as well have talked to a stone: there she lay like a log, and the villainous bird-cage still in her lap. Presently a thought struck me: I remained for a few moments perfectly still, and listened attentively—I could not hear her breathe! I hastily put my hand on her side; but there was no sign of respiration: I grasped her hands; they were clinging to the bird-cage, and as cold as ice: I felt her pulse; it was gone!

'Gracious Heaven!' I exclaimed, 'the lady is dead!' As quick as thought I raised her then, and kept her body upright; but the head fell heavily forward. In vain I eagerly chafed her hands, untied the strings of her bonnet, and strove by every means in my power to restore animation: every effort was useless. Failing in these endeavours, I threw down one of the carriage-windows, and thrusting out my head, cried at the top of my voice to the postilion to stop. The man seemed at first uncertain whence the direction proceeded: he looked right and left, then up to the place where the conducteur sat, and last of all he turned his head towards me.

'Qu'est-ce-qu'il y a, monsieur?' he said, bringing up his horses as sharply as he could.

'Conducteur, conducteur!' I called out: 'descendez vite! Il y a une dame qui meurt!'

'Sapristi!' shouted the conducteur, tumbling rather than jumping from the cabriolet, where he had been sleeping; 'qu'est-ce que vous dites, monsieur?'

'Venez voir,' said I; and he rushed up to the door.

'Bring a light, if you have one,' I cried. 'I fear something dreadful has happened!'

'Dam!' he exclaimed; 'ah, ça, c'est donc du sérieux!'

Although the moon had shone brightly when we left Loudun, she was in her last quarter, and the conducteur had not omitted the precaution of lighting the lamp in front of the diligence. He hastily ran back and brought it, and I was then able to see the features of my fellow-traveller. They were as pale as marble, and perfectly rigid; the eyes were filmy and staring, and the mouth, from which there came a slight moisture, was partly open; her hands, as I had before imagined, were firmly clenched in the wires of the bird-cage. Again I felt her pulse, her throat, her heart; but nothing stirred. The conducteur did the same. We looked at each other in silence. At length, after screwing up his mouth and shrugging his shoulders, he spoke: 'Ma foi!' said he, 'pas de doute qu'elle est morte! Quel accident!'

'What's to be done?' I asked. 'Let us get on as

quickly as we can. Perhaps if she were bled she might revive. How far is it to Fontevault?'

'A league and a-half,' was his reply, as he shut the door again, climbed up to his seat, and gave the word to the postilion to drive on ventre à terre.

Away we went with the speed of light, my dead companion and I, like Lenore and her lover, only the situations were reversed:

'Hurrah! the dead can ride with speed;
Dost fear to ride with me?'

I did not actually fear the corpse, but there was something particularly unpleasant in the tête-à-tête, and I felt inexpressibly relieved when, in the gray of the morning, we dashed into the village of Fontevault, and pulled up at the Croix Blanche.

The landlord of the inn, expecting the diligence, was already stirring; but if such had not been the case, the conducteur and I made noise enough to wake the whole household, who soon came crowding round us.

Unfortunately we found Fontevault so poor a place that no medical man resided there, not even the smallest apothecary. The only hope of assistance was at the Maison de Détention, once the celebrated abbey where lie the remains of the most famous of the Angevine race of English kings, Henry II. and his son Cœur de Lion, with Eleanor of Guienne and Isabella of Angoulême. We knocked loudly at the porter's lodge; but whether it arose from sheer obstinacy, from unwillingness to take the trouble, from a suspicion that some trick was afoot for effecting the release of the prisoners, or from whatever cause, the old *concierge*, who replied to us through a half-opened lattice, turned a deaf ear to our request that the surgeon of the prison might be sent for.

'S'il y a quelqu'un de mort là-bas,' said he; 'le médecin ne peut pas le guérir; si, par hasard, votre individu est toujours vivant il se guérira lui-même.' And with these words he closed the window, and crawled back to bed again.

Further examination had in the meantime convinced everybody who looked on the unfortunate lady that the brutal old *concierge* was right, and that the skill of the most accomplished surgeon in Europe could do nothing in such a case.

The next question was, the necessity for drawing up a *procès verbal*; but the village, which could not boast of a doctor, did not contain a single legal official, not even a stray gendarme. It was necessary that the body should be taken on to Saumur, the *chef-lieu* of the district; besides, the conducteur was anxious to get on to deliver his mail-bags. It was necessary also that I should accompany it, being the principal witness in the unhappy affair. To this I made no objection, as Saumur was the place of my destination; but I did object very strongly to continue an inside passenger. But even for this there was no help, as there was no room for me in the cabriolet beside the conducteur. Being a cross-country diligence, constructed on a pattern which few are acquainted with who have not traversed the cross-roads in the heart of France, it was provided only with a narrow seat, with a hood to it, that with difficulty admitted of the addition of Gave in her basket. Reluctantly, therefore, and with the worst grace imaginable, I re-entered the vehicle, choosing, however, the remotest corner from that which was occupied by the stiff and ghastly corpse, now fully revealed in the dull light of morning. To sleep, or even turn my eyes away, I found to be impossible; and for two long hours—mortal ones they might well be called—I sat gazing on my dreary neighbour, obliged every now and then to steady the body in its place lest it should roll off the seat.

At the *petit* of Saumur, the *douaniers*, always on the look-out for articles to pay duty, thrust their heads into the diligence, demanding to know if there was anything to declare.

'Voilà de la contrebande,' said I, pointing to the dead

body; 'si jamais il en fut; mais je crois que tous les droits soient payés.'

The procès verbal before the mayor of Saumur added nothing to the details of this adventure, and the next day Gave and I pursued our journey.

THE UNITED STATES AS AN EMIGRATION FIELD.

It would be dangerous to trust to the impartiality of the ordinary books addressed to intending emigrants. They are almost always recommendations of some particular field, to which the author is attached by pecuniary interest, family ties, or even the mere circumstance of temporary residence. The honesty of the writers—and some of them are known to ourselves to be men of strict honour—is by no means decisive as to the value of their representations; for the proverbial deceit of the human heart acts upon itself as well as externally. Thus the biographer identifies himself with his hero, and becomes an advocate; and thus the author attaches himself to the country he describes, and is metamorphosed into an emigration touter.

A little book that has just come in our way—one of the liberal shilling's worths of this vulgar era—proceeds upon a different plan.* The compiler does not confine himself to one emigration field, and he makes no pretensions to personal knowledge of those he describes. His object is to sift and compare the testimonies already given, and lay the body of digested evidence before the public, so as to enable everybody to judge for himself. Now the value of a work of the kind must of course depend upon the merit of the author as regards industry and judgment; and as the name of Sidney Smith is familiar to most people as that of a writer and thinker of more than a score of years' standing, it would seem to be some guarantee for his fitness for the task. But for our own part, we must honestly confess that we were attracted to the book at the outset by its great literary superiority over other productions of the class. The compiler is, obviously, a practised writer, a working author, and is as much at home in reasoning as in describing, in philosophy as in bare statistics. The introduction pronounces a eulogy upon colonies as a refuge even for the imagination, which will show what we mean:—'Colonies are "the world beyond the grave" of disappointed hopes. The antipodes are the terrestrial future, the sublunary heaven of the unsuccessful and the dissatisfied. The weaver in his Spitalfields garret, who tries to rusticate his fancy by mignonette in his window-box, and bees in the eaves, bathes his parched soul in visions of prairie flowers, and a woodbine cabin beside Arcadian cataracts. The starving peasant, whose very cottage is his master's, who tills what he can never own, who poaches by stealth to keep famine from his door, and whose overlaboured day cannot save his hard-earned sleep from the nightmare of the workhouse, would often become desperate, a lunatic, or a broken man, but for the hope that he may one day plant his foot on his own American freehold, plough his own land, pursue the chase without a license through the plains of Illinois or the forests of Michigan, and see certain independence before himself and his children. The industrious tradesman, meritorious merchant, or skilful and enlightened

professional man, jerked perhaps by the mere chance of the war of competition out of his parallelogram, and exhausting his strength and very life in the vain struggle to get back again into a position already filled; compelled by the tyranny of social convention to maintain appearances unsuited to the state of his purse; plundered by bankrupt competitors or insolvent customers, and stripped of his substance by high prices and oppressive taxation, would often become the dangerous enemy of society or of government, but for the consideration that, in South Africa, in America, in Australia, or New Zealand, he may find repose from anxiety in independence, rude and rough though it may be, emancipation from the thralldom of convention, and an immunity from any compulsion to keep up appearances, and to seem to be what he is not.'

The motives for emigration are afterwards examined in detail, and its general advantages stated; then the subject of colonisation is discussed; and we at length arrive at the emigration fields, after having gone through the necessary preliminaries of mode of transit, choice of a ship, and the voyage and the sea. In the present volume, which we presume is only a part of a whole, the author confines himself to Canada and the United States; and we shall give our readers a specimen of the kind of information conveyed on the latter part of this wide and interesting subject.

The eastern, or New England states, which extend from the sea to the Alleghany Mountains, are distinguished by rigorous winters and torrid heats in summer. They are the oldest and most populous districts of the Union; and although, from the sudden extremes of the climate, subject to consumption and other pulmonary affections, are favourable to European energy and physical development. They are the more open as a field for our labourers and artisans from the migratory habits of the Yankees, who wander into other districts where they think to become their own masters. At Long Island, New York, according to Cobbett, there is not a speck of green from December to May; and yet in June the crop and fruits are as in England, and the harvest a full month earlier. The people, however, are more sallow and spare than with us, although for this our author blames mainly the dietary arrangements of the country. 'The abundance and universal accessibility of everything that can provoke the appetite, the long sauce and short sauce, the preserves and fruits, the infinite varieties of bread, all baked in a way to lie heavy on the stomach, the endless array of wines and liquors, the interminable diversities of meats, taken at least three times every day, acting upon a people whose brain runs away with the nervous energy required by the stomach to digest such high-seasoned meals, give the assimilating organs no chance of fair play at all. Dr Caldwell tells us that the amount of sheer trash swallowed every week by an American, is greater than would be consumed in a year by an inhabitant of Europe.'

Mr Smith is inclined to give the preference to the eastern over the western states as a field of emigration for persons without capital. 'Gardeners, well-trained agricultural labourers, good wagoners, would always find full employment in the east at fair wages, paid in money. They would have to encounter no privations, and run little risk of disease. They would be surrounded with superior comforts, a great security for health, and endure none of the hardships of inexperienced persons in a new country. A good house, near markets, medical attendance, and the accessories of civilisation to which they have been accustomed at home, they would be sure to meet. They would not, indeed, rise to the position of proprietors of land easily, or so soon emancipate themselves from service; but

* The Settler's New Home: or the Emigrant's Location, being a Guide to Emigrants in the selection of a Settlement, and the Preliminary Details of the Voyage. By Sidney Smith. London: John Kendrick. 1849.

service is only an evil where it is coupled with dependence and precarious employment. . . . Skilful carpenters, millwrights, blacksmiths, shipwrights, shoemakers, hatters, engineers, tailors, would never have any difficulty in procuring good engagements in the east; and although the cost of food and rent is higher there than in the west, they get money wages, and procure clothing and many other articles cheaper than in the west.' The wages of mechanics are from L2 to L2, 10s. per week, and those of labourers from 4s. to 5s. per day. Women earn 3s. per day at farm work. The factories are 'models of elegance and comfort;' and the workpeople, both men and women, have almost always sums of money out at interest. But this is better still—A journeyman brassfounder, writing from Schenectady, states he earns 6s. per day, and pays 16s. per week for board and lodging for self and wife, with meat three times a day, steaks and chops for breakfast, with pork sausages and hot buckwheat cakes, with tea and coffee, stewed peaches, apples, pears, wild honey, and molasses!'

The western states extend from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains; and their climate varies, according to geographical position, from six weeks to five months of winter. Ohio is an eminently agricultural state; and the population, comparatively dense, are of a decent, quiet, rural character. Towards the south it produces wine, silk, and tobacco, and has the roads, canals, and railways, farm-buildings, markets, inns, churches, and schools of a highly-civilised country. As a matter of course, the land is higher, and the wages lower than in places less favourably situated; but still there is abundance of employment of various kinds for the labouring or operative emigrant.

Illinois is considered the chief of the western states as regards agriculture; but having been more recently settled than Ohio, it presents fewer social advantages. 'But its climate is far superior—in a six weeks' winter, a lengthened and beautiful spring, a productive summer, and a delightful autumn. Less rigorous, and uniformly milder in all its seasons than the neighbouring states, in that alone it holds out unrivalled advantages; but when to these are added a greater quantity of uniformly fine soil, of unbounded fertility, than any other of the same extent in the world, and vast prairies of alluvial mould ready at once for plough and seed, we have said enough to prove it to be the very best of locations for the emigrant.' Live-stock is never housed—the climate does not require it; and game and fish are abundant and excellent. Timber for building is so plentiful that houses are cheap. 'Good board and lodging can be had for persons even of the middle ranks for L26 per annum; and the ways and means of life are so inexpensive and accessible, that, except to the fastidious and finical, the settler may be said to be relieved from all but the merely imaginary cares of life.' Money is here the grand desideratum. It fetches 25 per cent.; but this of itself shows that everything else must be low, and that the value of money, therefore, in anything more than trifling sums, must be only imaginary. To grow rich in money in such a place is difficult, if not impossible; but a rude yet luxurious independence is easily attained. Illinois is a sanatorium for asthmatic and consumptive patients; but other diseases are induced nevertheless. 'Tempted by the cheapness of all sorts of liquors, the abundance and variety of food, and the extensive resources of confectionary, preserves, and made dishes, emigrants accustomed to the regimen of colder climates continue a diet unsuited to any, especially a warm climate. Disease feeds on the poison of an overfed system.'

An emigrant farmer would require a very trifling outlay of money to secure a good and speedy return. It is calculated that on the purchase of 200 acres, four cows, eight young cattle, and ten pigs, fencing, ploughing, &c. building, furnishing, and maintaining his family, he would expend only L340, 17s. In eighteen months his expenditure would amount to L484, 4s. 6d.; and in

that time he would have reaped 6400 bushels of Indian corn, and 1600 bushels of wheat, besides enjoying abundance of vegetables, dairy produce, beef, pork, and poultry. The farm labourer is said to be 800 times better off in Illinois than in England. In Springfield, according to Mr Sherriff, 'market butter is worth 4d., beef 1½d., pork 1d. per lb., and much cheaper by the carcass; eggs 3d. per dozen; wheat 1s. 6½d., oats 9d., corn 5d. per bushel; good Muscovado sugar 5d., coffee 10d. per lb. Illinois abounds in all kinds of fruit in perfection. Honey, cotton, wine, castor-oil abound. Game of all kinds is in perfection.'

Opinions differ as to Michigan; but Mr Fergusson, who was employed by the Highland Society, asserts that the climate is healthy and temperate, and more favourable to European constitutions than that of the other western states. He gives the following estimate of a location:—

160 acres at 1½ dollars per acre,	L45 0 0
Seed, labour, rail fence for 15 acres at 6 dollars,	202 10 0
Harvesting at 2 dollars,	67 10 0
Dwelling-house, stables, &c.	180 0 0

L493 0 0

Returns:—

Produce of 150 acres, at 20 bushels per acre, 1 dollar per bushel,	675 0 0
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Profit, . . . L180 0 0

Indiana somewhat resembles Illinois in climate and soil; it is mostly prairie, and well watered, and the soil is highly productive.

Wisconsin 'commands the navigation of the Mississippi, Lake Michigan, and the Canadian lakes; is very fertile, and produces wild rice in abundance. It abounds in coal and other minerals, and is in course of very rapid settlement, being the southern boundary of Upper Canada.' 'It is by far the best place in the world,' says a visitor, 'for the English farmer or rural mechanic with small capital. There is now plenty of land near this handsome seaport (Racine) at 5s. an acre, deeds included; and improved farms, with house, out-buildings, and fenced in, at from 3 dollars to 6 dollars per acre. The land here is the best I have ever seen; black loam from six inches to two feet deep, all prairie, with timber in clumps, like a gentleman's park, and suited to every crop. Garden vegetables grow in perfection, as well as English fruits and flowers. It is the best country in America for game, fish, and water; there is plenty of living water on every farm; wells can be got anywhere, and every kind of timber. Wild fruits of all kinds. The crop is thirty to forty bushels wheat, thirty to sixty Indian corn, forty to sixty oats, and barley, and flax, and buckwheat in proportion per acre. The best pasturage for cattle and sheep; hay three tons per acre. No country can be more healthy, being open, high prairies in a northern latitude. No persons are ill from the climate, only ague in the swamps.' 'The expense of coming hither,' continues this enthusiastic gentleman, 'from New York to Buffalo, is, by canal, 3 dollars in seven days; by rail, 10 dollars in two days; and by steamboat thence here, 6 dollars in four days and a-half. Upwards of a hundred farmers have come here in consequence of my former letter; not one has left. We have all conveniences—shops, goods as cheap as in England, places of worship, saw and flour mills, daily newspapers, and the New York mail every day; in short, every convenience you could have near New York; and your produce will sell for nearly as much, with double the crop on the new land.'

Iowa was formerly included in Wisconsin, and as political divisions have nothing to do with the laws of nature, its capabilities may be considered to be the same as those of the former state; but, alas! 'its population are rude, brutal, and lawless; and possessing no settled institutions or legislature, it is obvious that it will be avoided by all persons of character and orderly habits. Its miners, like those of Galena, are worse than savages. We may dismiss our account of this

region, for which nature has done everything, and man nothing, by the assurance that at present it is entirely unfitted for the settlement of emigrants, except such as

"Leave their country for their country's good."

"He has taken Iowa short," is the American phrase for a rascal who has made other places "too hot to hold him."

The following is part of Mr Sidney Smith's general summing up of the western states. "They abound in beautiful flowers, wild fruits, and birds of every variety, and of the gayest plumage. The glow-worm and fire-fly, and butterflies of every hue are common; and the mosquitoes in the shelter of the woods are very annoying. Snakes are very numerous, of great variety, and some of them exceedingly dangerous; yet few accidents happen from their attacks. Day and night are more equally divided in America than in Europe; and in the former there is an entire absence of twilight, or gray, still evening, darkness hastening on the moment the sun sinks behind the horizon. As a general rule, roads are few and bad, and bridges still worse. Public conveyances are conducted in an inconvenient way, from the independence of the conductors upon the custom of the public; and inns and steamboats are indifferently regulated. In the former, the innkeepers bear themselves as the obliging parties, and often decline to serve customers when it is inconvenient. The beds and bedrooms are very badly managed, and the houses overcrowded. The balance of testimony is in favour of the American character for evenness of temper, deference to women, substantial good manners, with great plainness of speech and address, and great and genuine kindness to the sick or the distressed, particularly strangers, widows, and orphans. Commercial integrity is low, and there is much overreaching and sharpness in bargains and mercantile contracts. The litigious and pettifogging tendencies of the people are the result of their acuteness, logical intellect, and inferior sentimental endowments. Law and lawyers are the curse of the country, and it is emphatically said that an American will go to law with his own father about a penny. . . . The market of England is now opened for the provisions and grain of the western states, and we cannot entertain a doubt that for centuries to come this great republic must advance in comfort, security, prosperity, and every good which can make civilisation desirable, and the institution of society an element of human happiness."

Texas has been denounced by the Land Emigration Commissioners, and our author has little to say in its favour. "The southern position of Texas, and its capability of raising tropical productions, argue a too torrid climate for a European constitution. It is comparatively unsettled; it is a border debateable land betwixt Mexico and the United States; and it is peopled by the scum and refuse, the daring, adventurous, and lawless, of all other countries. When fully peopled, well settled, and placed under the vigorous control of permanent government and institutions, its natural capabilities will render it a desirable place of settlement." He merely mentions Oregon, Vancouver's Island, and California. In the first, the climate and soil are unobjectionable, but everything else is bad; Vancouver's Island may offer greater advantages to the adventurous; but both of them, and California in a more especial manner, may be regarded "as the destination only of men of desperate fortunes, and as a certain source of unhappiness to all persons of orderly, industrious, prudent, and virtuous habits. Their ultimate fate will, in all probability, be prosperous; and if the new projects for connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic by canals joining chains of lakes and rivers, or by railways or aqueducts at the Isthmus of Panama, be speedily realised, they may become much more rapidly populated and settled than is with the present means probable."

We have now run rapidly through the portion of the volume devoted to the United States, and we do not hesitate to say that we consider the work to be a most useful and impartial publication; and even without

reference to any practical purpose of emigration, extremely well adapted for the perusal of the general reader.

THE SAILOR PRELATE.

It was in the year 1580 that Sir Francis Drake returned in triumph to his native land, after a successful expedition against the Spaniards in the South Seas. He anchored at Deptford, and Queen Elizabeth honoured the brave admiral by dining on board his ship. After the banquet, her majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on her entertainer, and inquired of him whether he wished to name any captain in his fleet as peculiarly distinguished for valour.

"So please your majesty," said Drake, "many there are in every ship who have borne themselves right bravely, as the subjects of their gracious mistress should; but one there is who merits praise above all, for by his steady daring alone three goodly galleons were taken. He stood himself at the guns until victory was declared, although a finger of his right hand was shot off, and he had received various grievous wounds. His name is William Lyon, commander of the Albion."

"Let him be introduced into our presence," said the queen: "we love to look on a brave man."

Sir Francis bowed, gave the necessary directions, and after a brief delay Captain Lyon was ushered into the royal presence. He was a good-looking, finely-formed man, with the blunt, frank bearing of a British sailor; in the present instance slightly dashed by a consciousness of his position. Her majesty received him with that kindly manner which she knew so well how to combine with dignity—a species of "king-craft" which seldom fails to secure for sovereigns the warm love of their people. She asked him several questions touching the late expedition, which he answered in a sensible, respectful manner; and the queen dismissed him, saying, "You deserve to rise, Captain Lyon; and we now pledge our royal word that you shall have the first vacancy that offers." She then gave him her hand to kiss, and the gallant seaman retired.

About three months afterwards, as the queen on a state day was giving audience to her nobles, Captain William Lyon presented himself and craved an interview with her majesty. Good Queen Bess, among whose faults indifference to the wants and wishes of her subjects could not be classed, willingly granted his request, and smiled as she asked him to make known his wishes.

"Please your majesty, I come," he said, "to remind you of your gracious promise. You said I should have the first vacancy that offered; and I have just heard that the see of Cork, in the south of Ireland, is vacant by the demise of the bishop; therefore I hope your majesty will give it me, and so fulfil your royal word."

"Gramercy," said the queen, "this is taking us at our word with a witness! How say you, my lord," she continued, turning to the Earl of Essex, who stood beside the throne; "would a brave sailor, think you, answer for a bishop in our troublous kingdom of Ireland?"

"If Captain Lyon's clerical skill, please your majesty, be equal to so grave a charge, his worth and valour (of which I have heard much) will, I doubt not, render him worthy of your Grace's favour."

"Besides," chimed in the captain, as undauntedly as though he stood on his own quarterdeck, "her majesty promised me the first vacancy; and God forbid she should be the first of her royal house who was worse than the word of their lips!"

A less absolute sovereign than Elizabeth might probably have been offended at these blunt words, and have dismissed the unlucky speaker with scant ceremony; but thoroughly secure in power, she liked to reign in her people's hearts, and besides she had the rough old Tudor love for words of truth and deeds of boldness: therefore a right royal burst of laughter proceeded from the throne, echoed by the attendant courtiers; and when

the queen's merriment had subsided, she graciously dismissed Captain Lyon, with the assurance that his request should meet with due attention. An inquiry into the seaman's qualifications was accordingly instituted, and the result as to his moral character being perfectly satisfactory, and the fact of his having received a tolerable literary education being established, the queen was graciously pleased to grant his request; and William Lyon was duly consecrated Bishop of Cork, Clonane, and Ross.

Elizabeth said to him on the occasion, 'I trust, Master Lyon, you will take as good care of the church as you have done of the state;' and indeed, contrary to all reasonable expectation, he did make a most excellent prelate—carefully extending his patronage to the most exemplary men, and labouring with unwearied zeal to promote the interests of the diocese. He built the present episcopal palace, situated near the cathedral; and over the mantelpiece in the dining-room hangs his portrait, very finely painted. He is represented in his naval uniform, and his right hand is minus the fourth finger.

Bishop Lyon enjoyed his elevation for twenty-five years, with reputation to himself and benefit to his diocese. He never attempted to preach but once—on the occasion of the queen's death. When that melancholy event occurred, he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his royal mistress, and accordingly ascended the pulpit in Christ-Church, in the city of Cork. After giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the queen, he concluded in the following characteristic manner:—'Let those who feel this loss deplore with me on the melancholy occasion; but if there be any that hear me (as perhaps there may be) who have secretly longed for this event, they have now got their wish, and the devil do them good with it!'

The remains of Bishop Lyon have recently been discovered by some workmen employed in repairing the palace. In a corner of the lawn are the ruins of what was once the chapel; and when some stones and earth were removed, a tombstone was discovered, with an inscription in old English raised characters, stating that the tomb was erected for 'William Lion, an Englis man born, bishop of Corke, Clon, and Ross, in the happi raigne of Queen Elizabet, defender of the ancient apostolike faith.'

A BOAT EXPEDITION DOWN THE JORDAN.

A good deal of attention, scientific and otherwise, has of late been directed to the Holy Land and adjoining countries; many interesting points of geography and topography have been discussed, among others, the depression of the Dead Sea, the level of which has been ascertained to be more than 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean. The Sea of Tiberias also is reckoned as 84 feet below the latter level; the difference between the two lakes, which are 60 miles apart, being more than 1000 feet. This observation, made by the president of the Geographical Society in 1842, has elicited additional remarks and suggestions; and Dr Robinson, in discussing it, states that in the distance traversed by the river 'there is room for three cataracts, each equal in height to Niagara.'

Some authorities affirm that the observations to determine the levels must have been incorrect; on the other hand, it has been shown by comparison with British rivers, that there is nothing extraordinary in the presumed fall. The Dee is a river which may be classed with the Jordan: from the Linn of Dee to the sea, 72 miles, the fall is 16 feet to the mile; and in this distance there are neither rapids nor cataracts. In the fall of the Tweed we have a nearly parallel illustration. The question, however, has been answered for the present in another way, an account of which appears in the last published part of the Geographical Society's 'Journal.' Lieutenant Molyneux of the ship

Spartan, left the vessel at Caiffa on the Bay of Acre towards the end of August 1847, with three seamen, who had volunteered for the occasion, and Toby, a dragoman. The object was to transport the dingy (ship's smallest boat) on camels' backs overland to Tiberias; to proceed from thence down the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and return by way of Jerusalem and Jaffa, after an 'examination of the course of the Jordan, as well as of the valley through which it flows, and specially to measure the depth of the Dead Sea.' The commander of the vessel offered every aid, and furnished his lieutenant with letters from and to the authorities of the country, so as to facilitate operations among the Bedouin tribes, from whom molestation was to be apprehended.

Four camels were provided for the boat and baggage, besides horses. After two days' travelling, the party 'arrived at the top of the last ridge of hills overlooking the Lake of Tiberias and the Valley of the Jordan, and enjoyed a most magnificent view. Jebel Sheikh, smothered in clouds, was distinctly seen; before us were the blue waters of Tiberias, surrounded by fine ranges of hills; to the left the white ruins of Safed, perched on a hill; and near the northern end of the lake a gap in the mountains, with a green patch, which pointed out the spot where the Jordan discharges its waters into Tiberias.'

In descending the hills to the lake-shore the difficulties began. 'By degrees,' says Lieutenant Molyneux, 'the road became so steep that we were obliged to hold the boat up by ropes, till at length we arrived at a point beyond which the camels could not proceed, and to return was impossible: the stones, when started, rolled to the bottom; the camels began to roar; then followed the usual trembling of the legs—the certain precursor of a fall; and, in short, to save the boat, it became necessary to cut the lashings, and let her slide down on her keel to the foot of the hill. There we again harnessed the unfortunate camels, and proceeded without further mishap to Tiberias, where, passing under the walls of the town, we pitched our tent within a few yards of the water.'

After crossing the lake once or twice, and taking soundings and other observations, the boat was steered for the entrance of the river; and encamping for the night on the bank, the party were visited by numbers of Arabs, who, after some persuasion, left them unmolested, but kept the travellers in a state of apprehension during the night, and again the next morning for several miles of the route. The true character of the stream soon became apparent, as the officer relates:—'Hitherto, for the short distance we had come, the river had been upwards of 100 feet broad and 4 or 5 feet deep; but the first turning after leaving the Arabs brought us to the remains of a large ruined bridge, the arches of which, having all fallen down, obstructed our passage. Here our difficulties commenced; and for seven hours that we travelled that day, we scarcely ever had sufficient water to swim the boat for 100 yards together.' The Arabs hung on the skirts of the party, apparently with a view of turning any misadventure to account; and when villages were passed, the whole population turned out to look at the strangers. Sometimes the river spread out into shallow channels, in which the boat had to be unloaded, and carried over the obstructing rocks and bushes. 'The Ghor, or great Valley of the Jordan,' is described as 'about 8 or 9 miles broad; and this space is anything but a flat—nothing but a continuation of bare hills with yellow dried-up weeds, which look, when distant, like corn-stubbles. These hills, however, sink into insignificance when compared to the ranges of mountains which enclose the Ghor; and it is therefore only by comparison that this part of the Ghor is entitled to be called a valley.'

Besides other impediments, the river was obstructed by numerous weirs, built by the Arabs to divert the water into the frequent small channels cut for irrigating

their fields. It was not easy to pass these weirs without a 'row,' as the natives insisted on the gap made for the boat being built up again. In one instance the masonry was so thick and high that the boat had to be lifted over. In addition to this there was uneasiness respecting the cattle and baggage, which, writes Lieutenant Molyneux, 'were frequently obliged to diverge to a considerable distance from the river; but a capital fellow that we hired at Tiberias as a guide assisted us greatly in overcoming all our difficulties.' By and by a sheik and four Bedouins stopped the party, and demanded 600 piastres for a free passage across his territories; but after some altercation, a compromise was effected for a third of the sum.

In this way the travellers proceeded, opposed not only by natural obstacles, but by the fierce and rapacious character of the natives. In some places the river was so rocky and shallow, that it was found desirable to transfer the boat again for a time to the camels' backs. On this occasion, observes the lieutenant—'From a hill over which our road lay I had a very fine view of the whole valley, with its many Arab encampments, all made of the common coarse black camel-hair cloth. Very large herds of camels were to be seen in every direction stalking about upon the apparently barren hills in search of food. The Jordan had split into two streams of about equal size shortly after leaving El Buk'ah; and its winding course, which was marked by luxuriant vegetation, looked like a gigantic serpent twisting down the valley. After forming an island of an oval form, and about five or six miles in circumference, the two branches of the Jordan again unite immediately above an old curiously-formed bridge, marked in the map as Jisr Mejamia.' On encamping in the evening, an interesting instance of sagacity is recorded by the leader. 'I was much interested,' he writes, 'during the night, in observing the extraordinary sagacity of the Arab mares, which are indeed beautiful creatures. The old sheik lay down to sleep, with his mare tied close to him, and twice during the evening she gave him notice of the approach of footsteps by walking round and round; and when that did not awaken him, she put her head down and neighed. The first party she notified were some stray camels, and the second some of our own party returning. The Benisakhers generally ride with a halter only, except when they apprehend danger; and then, the moment they take their bridles from their saddle-bow, the mares turn their heads round, and open their mouths to receive the bit.'

For the next few days, so frequent were the disputes with the Arabs, the bargainings with new escorts, that the lieutenant was 'almost driven mad.' Sometimes the Bedouins would go off in a body, thinking to frighten him into terms; but the party were well armed, and could command a certain degree of respect. So tortuous, too, was the river, that, as we are told, 'it would be impossible to give any account of the various turnings;' and the leader was obliged to ride continually between the boat and the baggage, to ascertain the relative position of each: a railway-whistle which he had with him proved very useful in making signals. The expedition, indeed, 'was almost like moving an army in an enemy's country—not only looking out for positions where we could not be taken by surprise, but anxiously looking out also for supplying our commissariat.' With the thermometer ranging from 83 to 110 degrees, this was no enviable task.

On the 30th of the month, it having been found impossible to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the Arabs, Lieutenant Molyneux determined on proceeding without an escort; and after the place of rendezvous was reached by the mounted party, continues:—'We, as usual, stuck Toby's spear in the ground, with the ensign flying on it, as a signal for the boat to bring up, intending to proceed as soon as she arrived.' The last time I had seen her was from the top of the western cliffs; she was then nearly abreast of us; and

notwithstanding the windings of the river, as the water was good, and as she had four men to pull and one to steer (Grant, Lycomb, Winter, with the guide we had brought from Tiberias, and the man we had engaged by the road), I expected her arrival in about an hour. The boat, however, did not arrive; and the lieutenant becoming anxious, sent out scouts to look for her, but they returned unsuccessful. Meantime he had taken up a secure position with his party, and eventually determined on going in search of the missing crew himself; but being ignorant of the language, Toby offered to go in his stead. The lieutenant then pursues:—'After most anxiously awaiting his return for an hour, he came back full gallop to inform me that he had found the boat; that she had been attacked; and that he had learned this painful intelligence from the guide and the other Arab, who were now alone bringing her down the river. . . . Forty or fifty men had collected on the banks on each side of the river, armed with muskets; and commenced their attack by throwing stones at the boat, and firing into the water close to her; and after they thus terrified the men, they all waded into the river, seized upon her, and dragged her to the shore. Lycomb, who drew a pistol, was knocked into the water by a blow of a stick; and having got the boat on the shore, they robbed the men of all their arms and ammunition, took their hats, and let them go. They also robbed the two Arabs of their arms, and of most of their clothes, and threatened to kill them, but let them off with a beating. This was all the intelligence we could obtain; and, as may be supposed, I was thunderstruck by the recital of these melancholy facts. The guide and the other Arab had remained by the boat for half an hour, hoping that our men would return; but seeing nothing more of them, they concluded that they had endeavoured to follow me, and accordingly they proceeded down the river with the boat.'

The party were now in a critical position: surrounded on all sides by bands of notorious plunderers, and darkness coming on, added to which, anxiety as to the fate of the missing men, rendered the lieutenant truly miserable. It seemed cruel to abandon them; but the only chance of safety and succour lay in reaching Jericho as speedily as possible. The two natives who had brought the boat down were with much difficulty persuaded to take her on to the castle, and in case of the non-arrival of the party, to make their way from thence to Jerusalem, and report their position to the consul. The lieutenant, with Toby and an old man as guide and driver of the animals, then set forward; and notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, and at times losing their way, reached Jericho, a distance of more than thirty miles, just at sunrise. The letter from the governor of Beirut was forthwith presented to the old governor at the castle; and so well did the lieutenant urge his case, that in a short time four well-mounted soldiers, accompanied by the guide with refreshments, and a note for the sailors, were scouring the country in search of them. Meantime Lieutenant Molyneux rode over to Jerusalem, where, in company with the consul, he visited the pasha, and obtained from him letters to two other pashas, directing them to send out men to the search, besides ten soldiers to assist the officer in his own exploration, and accompany him afterwards to the Dead Sea. On returning to Jericho, the boat was found to have arrived; and the next day the district of country in which the outrage occurred was diligently explored, but without obtaining any tidings of the missing unfortunates; a result which, despite a hope that the men might have succeeded in reaching the coast, threw the lieutenant into 'a depressing and gloomy mood.'

He determined, however, on accomplishing, if possible, the grand object of the expedition; and the *agha* (leader of the soldiers) was requested to be in readiness with his men the following morning. 'At last,' pursues the lieutenant, 'we reached the mouth of the river, where I was glad to find the boat floating on the slug-

fish waters of the Dead Sea. We had great difficulty in getting anywhere near the shore, on account of the marshy nature of the ground, several horses and mules having sunk up to their bodies in the mud; but at length we pitched the tent on a small patch of sound but sandy ground.

Two soldiers were left in charge of the tent, while the officer, with Toby and two men, an Arab and Greek, embarked. 'We shoved off,' he says, 'just as it was falling dark, with only two oars, and with no one who had much idea of using them except myself, or any notion of boat-sailing. Under these circumstances, as I made sail and lost sight of the northern shore, I could not help feeling that I was embarked in a silly, if not a perilous undertaking. The breeze gradually freshened, till there was quite sea enough for such a little craft: we passed several patches of white frothy foam, and as the sea made an unusual noise, I was many times afraid that they were breakers.'

Two days and nights were passed on the bosom of the dread lake: when the sun was up, the party were scorched by the heat, as though they were in a well-heated oven; and on the second night they were chilled with cold winds, and the boat became so leaky as to add greatly to the risk. In some places the arid cliffs rise perpendicularly to the height of 1200 or 1500 feet, and only in one little gap was there any sign of vegetation: a drearier scene could scarcely be imagined. Soundings were taken three times, the deepest being 225 fathoms, and the least 178 fathoms; the lead brought up rock-salt, and dark-coloured mud. 'On the second day,' continues the narrative, 'at eleven o'clock, we got sight of the tent; and at twelve we reached the shore, quite done up, and thankful for having escaped, which none of us expected to do the night before. Everything in the boat was covered with a nasty slimy substance: iron was dreadfully corroded, and looked as if covered in patches with coal-tar; and the effect of the salt spray upon ourselves, by lying upon the skin, and getting into the eyes, nose, and mouth, produced constant thirst and drowsiness, and took away all appetite.'

'As to the alleged destructive effect of the Dead Sea on birds flying over its surface, we killed some which were actually standing in the water; and on Saturday, while in the very centre of the sea, I three times saw ducks, or some other fowl, fly past us within shot. I saw no signs, however, of fish, or of any living thing in the water, although there were many shells on the beach. I must here mention a curious broad strip of foam which appeared to lie in a straight line, nearly north and south, throughout the whole length of the sea. It did not commence, as might be supposed, at the exit of the Jordan, but some miles to the westward, and it seemed to be constantly bubbling and in motion, like a stream that runs rapidly through a lake of still water; while nearly over this white track, during both the nights that we were on the water, we observed in the sky a white streak like a cloud, extending also in a straight line from north to south, and as far as the eye could reach.'

Just after starting the next day to return to Jericho, the party saw a horseman at a distance galloping towards them, and at times firing a pistol; and we can sympathise with the leader's 'inexpressible delight that it proved to be the consul's janizary, with a letter to tell me that the three lost men had reached Tiberias in safety; he brought me also a most kind letter from Captain Symonds, enclosing a copy of the account that they had given him of their adventures. It would be a mere waste of words to state my joy at these tidings.' The boat was carried back to the coast, and on the 12th of September Lieutenant Molyneux found himself once more on board the Spartan. And until more accurate information shall be obtained, we may consider that the question as to the nature of the Jordan is answered.

We wish we could close our narrative here: but it is necessary, however painful, to add, that since the above columns were commenced, intelligence has been received

of the death of this gallant officer, which took place, through the combined effect of climate and over-exertion, soon after his return to the ship.

MR JEREMIAH JOBSON'S 'THREE DAYS.'

THE revolutions, the fall of potentates, the change of dynasties recorded in the columns of the daily press, numerous as they have been of late, are trifling and insignificant, not alone in point of number, of which there can be no dispute, but also, I suspect, in importance to the parties more immediately affected, when compared with those which sometimes occur in private life. A vivid illustration of this truth is supplied by the following transcript of a brief but stormy passage in the history—hitherto restricted to very private circulation—of Mr Jeremiah Jobson, a gentleman who for several years enjoyed a rather distinguished position in numerous sporting and fancy circles.

On the evening of Tuesday the 13th day of February last, Mr Jeremiah Jobson, a stout, portly, rubicund-visaged personage of some fifty years of age, was sitting, painfully meditative, in the large handsomely-furnished drawing-room of Mr Charles Frampton, a young but wealthy silk-mercantile of famous London town. It was just between the lights, and candles had not been brought in; but the ruddy fire-blaze sufficed to trace the workings of a perturbed spirit in his flame-coloured countenance, and to bring into bright relief the object towards which his troubled glance was principally directed—namely, a new, splendidly-carved, and highly-polished rosewood pianoforte. Mr Jobson was just returned from a fortnight's sojourn with a sporting friend in the country, and the first intimation he had of the calamity with which he was threatened, was the sight of that instrument of harmony. Although a man, as he frequently boasted, of first-rate energy and unbounded resource, he was for several minutes overwhelmed, bewildered, paralysed. Crusoe could not have been more unpleasantly startled by the naked foot-print on the sand. The housekeeper—Mr Frampton was out—was instantly summoned, and a few questions amply sufficed to convince Mr Jobson that nothing but the most consummate generalship could prevent the sceptre he had so long wielded, with immense satisfaction to himself at least, from passing from his grasp: a catastrophe not to be thought of without terror and dismay.

'I always suspected it would come this way,' mused Jobson; 'and directly I saw that abominable case of wires, I knew the crisis was at hand. Pianos and petticoats, music and matrimony, generally run in couples; although—and he laughed savagely—'there's a precious sight of difference, I am told, between the pretty tunes played before, and the airs with variations after the ceremony. To be married to-morrow, and I, as I am returned, to have the felicity of giving the bride away! Well, Heaven forgive me all my sins! I suppose I must do it. It's obviously too late to prevent the marriage: I had better, therefore, endeavour to make the best of it. As for Charles, I have summered and wintered him, and know thoroughly well how he's to be managed. Through him I must govern the wife, since wife it seems there must be. That will scarcely prove, I should think, a very difficult task to a man of my experience and knowledge of the world. . . . Not only very handsome, but, according to Mrs Hornsby's account, uncommonly mild-spoken and amiable. No doubt she is just now—they all are before the noose is fairly adjusted—all softness, all charmingness, all distracting gammon; but the question is whether afterwards'—

Mr Jobson's troubled soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant bringing lights. 'Is Mr Frampton returned?'

'No, sir.'

'The instant he comes in, tell him I wish to see him.'

'Yes, sir.'

The servant withdrew, and Mr Jobson resumed his melancholy musings:—

'Man is a dissatisfied animal, there's no mistake about that! Here, now, is Charles Frampton, rolling in clover without ever having had the trouble of sowing it. His father, Old Timothy, must have left him at least, one way or another, eleven or twelve thousand pounds, besides the trade and clear stock; and though we have gone the pace, his fortune can't be much diminished with such a revenue coming in from the business! He is fond of the turf, the ring, sporting of all kinds; and, thanks to my experience and advice, he is enabled to cut a dashing figure in them all. I have been his bosom counsellor and friend these five years past; I have taken all trouble off his hands, arranged his betting-book, managed his stable, his table, and his cellar for him; and yet he's not contented! The perversity of human nature is really outrageous!'

He was interrupted by the hasty entrance of his very ungrateful friend Charles Frampton, a rather good-looking young man of about six or seven-and-twenty years of age, and, like his mentor, somewhat buckishly attired.

'Ah! Jobson, my old boy, how are you? Welcome back!'—and he shook hands pretty heartily with his philosopher and guide. 'But come, Hornsby has of course told you all about it. Mrs Herbert and her sister are down stairs, and I wish to introduce you.'

'Mrs Herbert!' gasped Jobson; 'a widow! an experience!'

'A widow! yes; and what of that? She is still two or three years my junior. But come along, and judge for yourself.' Mr Charles Frampton led the way out of the apartment, and Mr Jobson, groaning heavily in spirit, followed with reluctant steps.

The introduction over, the four sat down to tea, and Jobson had leisure to observe that Mrs Herbert—Maria, as Charles Frampton called her—was really an elegant, beautiful woman, certainly not more than three or four-and-twenty years of age. Her sister—also a youthful widow, a Mrs Miley—was, he saw, a merry, keen-looking, black-eyed person, about two years her senior. After tea, Mr Frampton and his *fiancée* went up stairs to look at the new piano, leaving Mr Jobson to entertain the sister, Caroline. She seemed in exceedingly good spirits, and displayed a vivacity and archness in her conversation that quite captivated her companion. He was graciously pleased to assure her, that not only should he interpose no obstacle to his friend's union with her sister, but that in fact he was rather pleased than otherwise he had made so judicious a choice. This assurance and encomium seemed to tickle the lady's fancy amazingly, and her merry eyes twinkled with roguish humour; but when Jobson, in pursuance of the patronising scheme he had mentally resolved upon since he had seen the bride, condescended to say that he should be pleased to see her there very often of an evening, and that he would, moreover, use his influence with Charles to have her very frequently invited indeed, she burst into a laugh so loud and merry, that the room rang again with her exuberant mirth. She, however, qualified her apparent rudeness by exclaiming, as soon as she could sufficiently recover breath—'Will you really, though? Why, what a dear, good-natured old soul you must be!' The carnation of Mr Jobson's cheeks deepened several shades, and at the same time a chilling doubt of ultimate success in the struggle in which he was so suddenly and calamitously involved swept over him. Had he not known himself to be a man of first-rate energy and resource, or if the stake at issue had been less enormous, he would—so rapidly did a sense of the difficulties of his position crowd upon his brain—have abandoned the field at once. Whilst he was still dubitating, the lovers returned; and one or two rubbers of whist, proposed by Mr Jobson, carried the party in a sufficiently satisfactory manner through the evening.

The ladies took their leave early. 'Charles,' said

Jobson solemnly, as the expectant bridegroom re-entered the room, after seeing them safely off in a cab; 'Charles, did my ears deceive me, or is there a family—babies?'

'Oh yes, Jobson; didn't I mention it?' returned Mr Charles Frampton, whose flashing eyes and flushed cheek proclaimed that he was still in the seventh heaven. 'Maria has two, I think, perhaps three—if a dozen, it's of no consequence—pictures in little of her charming self. Beautiful as angels I have no doubt they are. Maria married very early, as I told you. Of course she did. How could it be otherwise?'

Jobson snatched up his chamber candlestick, and bolted out of the room. But compassion, either for himself or his friend, induced him to return, with a view possibly to a last effort. He opened the door, but a glance sufficed to convince him of the utter hopelessness of the attempt. His once docile pupil had seated himself in an easy-chair, and, with his legs stretched at full length, and his arms crossed on his breast, was apostrophising the lady's portrait—an admirable likeness by Chalon, brought home the day before. In the mellifluous words of Moore—

'Her floating eyes! oh they resemble
Blue water-lilies!'

Jobson stayed to see no more, but slamming too the door, hastened off, and was soon in bed; for he was not only mind-harassed, but travel-wearied. 'Well,' thought he, as he laid his very uneasy head upon the pillow, 'this is going the pace—this is! Two widows, both of whom know how many beans make five, if ever woman did, and three small angels in petticoats, are pretty well to begin with at any rate! But never mind. That black-eyed divinity laughs gaily just now; but we have yet to see who will laugh last. Charles's tastes are fixed, I know. Habit with him is second nature; and when a honey-week or so has passed, "Richard will be himself again," or I am very much mistaken.' With this consolatory prophecy Mr Jobson fell asleep.

Meantime the ladies had safely arrived at their abode in Islington—a rather genteel-looking domicile, upon the outer door of which glittered a brass-plate, intimating to passers-by that the inmates kept 'a seminary for young ladies.' They had not long arrived when a visitor was announced—Mrs Barstowe, a young and rather interesting-looking person, who, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, hastened to exchange greetings with Mrs Miley.

'My dear Caroline, how well you are looking; and where's Maria?'

'In the next room with the milliner. But what brings you here at this time of night?'

'How can you ask me, when you are aware how much I am interested in the event of to-morrow, and that I know my brother's evil genius—that horrid Jobson—is returned home!'

'Well, if that be all, make your mind perfectly easy. Your brother is too much in love with Maria for that knave's influence to avail in preventing the match. I have told you so half-a-dozen times.'

'You have; but if you knew how constantly Charles has deferred to him for these five or six years past; that he has had sufficient influence to prevent a reconciliation between my brother and his own two sisters!'

'Well, but I do know all about it. I have heard the story over and over again, and can repeat it out of book. Miss Mary and Miss Jane Frampton—foolish girls both of them—married: one a young surgeon with scarcely any practice; the other, worse still, one of her father's shopmen: both very excellent persons, I dare say.'

'Oh yes; indeed they are.'

'Which silly as undutiful conduct naturally greatly offended Mr Timothy Frampton, who had other views for them both. He, dying shortly afterwards, bequeathed the whole of his property to his son, which

son, prompted by the falsehoods and misrepresentations of one Jeremiah Jobson—as paltry and mean-spirited a knave as ever existed—has adopted his father's just, but, I am sure, had he lived, temporary resentments, and refused to assist his sisters, although a sum which he would not miss would convert the businesses of their husbands, crippled for want of sufficient capital, into profitable ones. Furthermore, Mrs Barstowe, one of the aforesaid sisters, having the honour of one Mrs Herbert's acquaintance, is very anxious for the marriage of that lady with her brother, in order that through her influence the family breach may be healed, and all things end happily, as in a play. That, I believe, is about the sum and substance of the matter, Mary?

'To be sure it is. And now, will they be married to-morrow?'

'Most assuredly; unless Maria should change her mind, which, between you and me, I don't think at all likely. As for your brother, nothing but chaining him up could keep him from being at Islington church by ten to-morrow.'

'Oh, I am so glad! And Jobson, what is to be done with him?'

'Oh, hang the fellow; he'll be properly disposed of, never fear. And now, good-night; for I have my bonnet to try on, and a thousand things to do.'

The next morning Mr Frampton and Mr Jobson, after waiting for upwards of an hour in Islington church—the bridegroom, in his nervous dread of being too late, having arrived long before the appointed time—were joined by Mrs Herbert and her sister; the bride looking as only a young and beautiful widow in white satin and orange blossoms can look. The magical ceremony was duly performed, and the gay party were reseated in the carriage and on their way homeward in a very brief space of time. Mr Jobson, gloomy and dispirited, gathered himself up into a corner in silent savagery. He was, however, soon roused from the gloomy reverie in which he had begun to indulge.

'So kind and generous of you, Charles,' said a silvery voice, 'to insist that not only Caroline and her little ones, but Selina, should share my home.'

'What!' cried Jobson fiercely, rousing himself and glaring round upon Caroline. 'More babbies; your babbies, ma'am?'

'Yes, to be sure, Mr Dobson, or Jobson, or whatever your name may be. Mine and Maria's: just half-a-dozen in all!' and the black-eyed lady laughed as merrily and maliciously as on the previous evening. Jobson sank back into his corner speechless, paralysed; the thing, he felt, was getting unbearable.

'But then, Caroline,' continued the bridal tones, 'is such an excellent economist, that she will save us, I have no doubt, hundreds a year in the kitchen and cellar alone of so large an establishment, and that, too, without meanness or parsimony!' Jobson groaned inwardly, and closed his eyes: it was all he could do.

'And Selina is so admirable an accountant, that she will be quite able, with my assistance, to take much of the drudgery of the books and accounts off your hands; so that Charles—here the sugar tones, Jobson reports, grew double refined—'you will be able, I daresay, to dispense with the services of the two additional assistants you thought of engaging, by being enabled to devote all your own time to the sale department.'

Jobson opened his eyes to their fullest width in order to see how his quondam pupil would relish his elevation to a permanent situation behind his own counter, and, to his utter bewilderment, saw him delightedly kissing hands upon the appointment!

'So that really it may be said I bring you a fortune, Charles, in my sisters, if in nothing else.... Nonsense, you foolish man! Where did you learn to flatter so? Fie! But there is really one thing,' continued the bride, not at all exhausted, 'I must insist upon; and that is, that there be no more tobacco-smoking in any of the apartments. I declare the dresses we wore yesterday evening have contracted so intolerable an

odour, that we shall not, I think, be able to wear them again.'

Jobson listened intently, but without turning his head, for the answer to this audacious proposition. It was not long coming. There was a light, musical laugh, followed by 'Of course, how could you refuse a request so reasonable?' Jobson began to have a notion that this charming dialogue, or rather monologue, was chiefly intended for his own especial edification and amusement, and dire was the passion that raged within him. 'Well,' thought he, 'the "Road to Ruin," played upon the stage, takes longer than this. We have got to the end of it in much less than a quarter of the time the players take. Let me see: since we left the church we have permanently adopted another widow and a spinster, and acknowledged three extra juvenile blessings in petticoats; we have surrendered the comptroller-ship of the kitchen and the keys of the cellar; cash and cheque-books are of course gone with the accounts; smoking is prohibited; and we have been elected shopman to our own establishment. If that is not being polished off out of hand, I should like to know what is, that's all!' The stopping of the coach interrupted his troubled moanings; and pleading headache as an excuse for not joining the bridal breakfast-table, he sought refuge and counsel in the privacy and silence of his bedroom. Having resolved on the course to be pursued, he left the house, having first ascertained that the bride and bridegroom, who were gone a few miles into the country, would return on the morrow about the middle of the day.

Mr Jobson returned home about ten o'clock, accompanied, as was his frequent wont, by a number of jolly fellows. They all forthwith proceeded to a large room on the second floor, hitherto set apart for convivial purposes. Jobson turned on the gas, and one of his rollicking companions, with the help of a lucifer match, kindled it, when, to the utter astonishment of the gay party, they found themselves surrounded by half-a-dozen narrow iron bedsteads, tenanted by as many white-robed innocents, who, disturbed by the intrusion, sprang up on end one after another, and set up the frightfullest yelling and screaming that ever issued from juvenile throats. Dire was the hubbub throughout the house. Servant-maids, porters, shopmen, shopwomen, came running up by dozens; and finally, by Mrs Miley's directions, the entire party were very roughly and unceremoniously bundled into the street, Mr Jobson amongst them. An hour or two afterwards that gentleman quietly returned, fully resolved upon inflicting signal vengeance on the morrow.

'Pray, Mrs Miley,' said Jobson, stalking majestically into the breakfast-room on the following morning, 'at what hour is my friend, Mr Charles Frampton, expected home?'

'Mr and Mrs Frampton will be here about two o'clock. In the meantime, perhaps you will read this note, which I should have given you last night had I seen you previous to the disgraceful riot which you and your drunken companions created.'

Mr Jobson looked indignant daggers at the audacious lady; and then adjusting his spectacles, perused the note. It was from his friend Charles, and intimated that, under existing circumstances, it would be better that Mr Jobson should change his quarters. It further hinted, that in the event of immediate and cheerful compliance, all existing pecuniary arrears would be forgiven.

The rage of Jobson was unbounded. He took off his spectacles, replaced them in their case, crammed the note into his breeches pocket, buttoned it up, and stalked towards the door in awfully-indignant silence. There he paused; and presently finding words in which to void his pent-up fury, returned with menacing gesture towards Mrs Miley and her maiden sister, Selina, who continued, nevertheless, to sip their coffee with the most provoking indifference.

'I expected this, madam, ladies, women! I expected

this, I say, though not quite so soon. But a word in your ear, laughing Mrs Miley—the person who will have to leave this house is not Jeremiah Jobson! The habits of years, ma'am—the habits of years, I say!—

He could proceed no farther. The outbursting merriment of the apostrophised lady drowned his bellicose threatenings; and putting on his hat, and then so fiercely striking it on the crown that it came down over his eyes, and required to be pushed up again, he stalked furiously out of the room, a peal of merry laughter pursuing him to the bottom of the stairs.

A few hours afterwards Mr and Mrs Frampton returned from their brief bridal excursion; and of course the drunken uproar of the preceding evening, and the coarse insolence of Mr Jobson, were duly related and dilated upon. Mr Frampton, who had for some time been tired of a domination which long habit and indolence of temper alone caused him to endure, readily consented to his wife's proposal, that the said Jobson should forthwith be compelled to leave the house. He had previously solemnly promised her to give up associates who, if they had not materially damaged his fortune, had considerably tarnished his reputation in the eyes of sober-judging citizens, and here was an opportunity of putting his sincerity to the test, which she determined not to let slip. Mr Frampton agreed to leave the matter in her hands, not alone because she wished it to be so, though that would doubtless have more than sufficed, but because he was not only somewhat doubtful of his own resolution, but desirous of avoiding an angry encounter with a person with whom he had so long lived in terms of intimate fellowship.

'Mr Jobson is coming up, madam,' said Jones, an old gray-headed clerk, who had been in the firm since he was a boy. 'You will, I know, excuse my freedom, but I do hope the establishment will effectually get rid of the fellow at last. If you only knew the mischief he has made, the tyranny he has exercised! There are Mr Charles's two sisters, whom I have known from infancy!—'

'Mrs Barstowe and her sister. They and their husbands will dine with us to-day.'

'Thank God! thank God!' exclaimed the old man fervently; and then in quite another tone he added, 'Oh, here's Mr Jobson!'

'Yes, here is Mr Jobson; and pray, old fellow, what have you to say to him, eh?' Mr Jobson had evidently been drinking to some excess.

'You had better address this lady, not me,' returned Jones quietly.

'Well, madam, and what have you to say to your husband's old friend?'

'I understand, Mr Jobson,' said that lady quite unmoved, 'that you refuse to leave this house?'

'You understand quite correctly, madam!'

'Then how do you propose to pay the debt you have already incurred for your board and lodging, which, at two guineas per week, the sum you signed a written agreement to pay when you came here, already amounts to—how much, Selina?'

'Five hundred and twelve pounds two shillings.'

'Pay? I don't mean to pay it at all!'

'And to meet this demand, to say nothing of money borrowed, there are—read the list, Mr Jones,' continued Mrs Frampton.

'One bay filly, one gray gelding, five brides, and three saddles, in the stables. In the bedroom, two gold-mounted canes, one silver-mounted riding-whip, three greatcoats, four!—'

'Fire and fagot! why, what do you mean?' roared Jobson in distracting perplexity. 'You don't mean to plunder me of my valuables?'

'Plunder you! Can you pay this debt?'

'No, I can't, no, I won't.'

'Then I have my husband's authority to say, this property of yours will be sold by auction as speedily as possible in discharge of the debt; and that whether he will sue you or not for the balance, which will be a

large one, depends entirely upon your future behaviour.'

'Why, you abominable woman, I haven't a change of linen, nor five pounds in my purse.'

'So much the better: the lesson will be the more exemplary. Now, sir, please to leave the house.' Jobson glared at her like a maniac, but seemed determined not to budge.

'Mr Jones, have the kindness to call in the porters Mr Frampton directed to remain in the passage. Now Thomas, Henry, or whatever your names are, show this gentleman out of the house.'

Infuriate but vain were the struggles of the doomed potentate. The hour of defeat had struck, his sceptre was broken, and he cast rudely and ignominiously forth, to reascend his throne no more for ever!

'My dear Mary—Jane too!' said Mrs Frampton, advancing to meet Mrs Barstowe, Mrs James, and their husbands. 'Didn't I tell you I would soon exorcise the evil spirit that so long exerted such baneful influence over your brother?'

'I couldn't have believed it,' said gentle Mrs Barstowe. 'You must be a witch, Maria.'

'To be sure she is,' said Mr James, with a significant glance at Mrs Frampton's really beautiful face and figure; 'and of the only potent species—that which operates by natural magic.'

'There—there—there; that will do,' replied the lady, smiling and blushing. 'I have, at all events, sufficient sense to know that if beauty may temporarily enslave a lover or a bridegroom, it is only kindness, gentleness, and respectful forbearance that can permanently attach a husband. They are our only lasting spells of power. I owe your brother much, my dear Mrs Barstowe; and I think, in restoring him his sisters, and ridding him of a knave, I have given a splendid earnest of my desire to repay him. But come; Charles is expecting us in the dining-room; and mind, all of you, not a word about "victory" or "triumph": they are words which grate unpleasantly upon ears masculine. Come.'

Thus ended Mr Jeremiah Jobson's 'Three Days.' He has wisely wasted no time in foolish efforts to regain his vanished sceptre; and the last time I heard of him he was preparing to ship himself and very ragged fortunes to the brilliant Californian Land of 'Promise,' if naught else.

ROYAL AND NOBLE ECONOMISTS.

ROYAL and noble personages have not always considered it below their dignity to superintend personally their households; thus, by regulating their expenses, to prevent an undue waste and improvident expenditure. Perhaps our readers will be glad to have some illustrations of this point laid before them, which were collected during our literary peregrinations through some of the continental libraries.

Henry VII. kept memorandums, written in his own hand, of all his expenses; and the rapacious monarch maintained an economy in his palaces bordering on meanness. To quote Lord Bacon: 'In expending of treasure, Henry kept this rule, never to spare any charge his affairs required. In his buildings he was magnificent, in his rewards close-handed; so that his liberality extended rather to what regarded himself and his own memory, than to the rewarding of merit.'

Nor did the prodigal son who succeeded him, Henry VIII., fail in this respect to follow his father's example. In the great library at Paris may be seen a curious document in French, and in the handwriting of that sanguinary monarch, containing regulations for the use of the royal household. The extracts we have copied from the autograph manuscript are further interesting, as showing that our merchants' houses in the nineteenth century exhibit more elegance and comfort than was to be found in the royal palaces during the sixteenth:—

1. 'The barber must always keep himself clean, in order not to compromise his majesty's health.

2. The treasurer shall not keep ragged scullions, who walk about almost naked, and sleep or lie down before the kitchen fire.

3. No meat beyond a certain price shall be served on the king's table.

4. The servants to furnish a sufficient guarantee to provide against the subtraction of wooden bowls and copper utensils belonging to his majesty.

5. Pewter plate being too costly for daily use, the greatest care must be taken of the wooden platters and pewter spoons.

6. No boy or commissioner shall be kept at court for the use of the servants.

7. Women who are prodigal and extravagant shall be banished the court.

8. As likewise all kind of dogs, except a small number of spaniels, reserved for the use of the ladies.

9. The officers of the king's household to live in harmony with each other.

12. The stable-boys not to steal his majesty's straw to put in their beds, as a sufficient quantity has been given them.

13. Between six and seven o'clock, the officers charged with the service of the king's chamber shall light the fire, and lay straw in the private apartments of his majesty.*

14. Coal will be only furnished for the apartments of the king, the queen's, and Lady Mary's.

15. The ladies of honour to have a piece of white bread and some beef for their breakfast.

17. A present will be made to any of the king's officers marrying—on condition they make a present to his majesty.

Amongst the French archives we have likewise examined the private journals of Charles IX. and Henry III., one of the suitors of Queen Elizabeth when Duke of Anjou. They are interesting as containing many curious facts, and throwing considerable light upon the manners and customs of the French court in the sixteenth century. In the diary of Charles IX. the most minute sums are marked down; and the monarch, to whom some historians have attributed the massacre of St Bartholomew, is frequently making presents to his old nurse, and invariably accompanying them with some such affectionate language as, 'to my good nurse' (*'à ma bonne nourrice'*).

The regulations for the household of Henry III., and said to be composed by that depraved and effeminate king, occupy a considerable number of pages; and the extraordinary character and minuteness of some of the regulations gave rise to a well-known satire, published during his reign. In the regulations, the duties of every person about the court are pointed out. 'No person shall be allowed to swear. None shall touch the royal chair, nor sit down in it. Those entering the royal presence with their clothes in disorder shall be ordered to go out.' The dress of the councillors is described, and they are forbidden to appear before his majesty unless dressed in the manner indicated. There are further instructions for the royal household while attending Divine service. The service—in particular of the royal chamber—is of the most complicated description; and the task of the royal dressers was by no means a light one, which our readers may imagine when they are informed that Henry III. was exceedingly fond of cosmetics, and took especial care of his face and hands. The royal visage was anointed every evening with costly unguents, over which was placed a taffeta mask, in which his majesty slept.

Although but little comfort was to be found in royal palaces in these times, nevertheless they were far from being devoid of splendour. Notwithstanding the economy practised in the household department, the greatest encouragement was afforded to artists. Genius everywhere found the most noble and munificent pa-

trons, and the palaces presented a magnificence and artistical value we might in vain endeavour to find in our modern residences. A curious contrast with such splendour is found in a letter of Louis XIII. to his queen, Margaret of Austria, where he writes:—

'The season for melons only just commencing, we sought for the best that could be procured, which we should have sent, but for their spoiling before they reached you. We send you a small basket of grapes, and a small one of peaches. If it were not for the expense of the carriage, we would send you some oftener.'

Neither should we omit in the list of distinguished persons who personally directed their households, the great name of Louis XIV., to whose taste for splendour and magnificence the French nation owe the celebrated palace of Versailles, and the unrivalled galleries of the Louvre, successively augmented and enriched by Napoleon and Louis-Philippe.

There is kept amongst the Belgian archives at Brussels a manuscript containing the list of the household of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. The names and different salaries are inscribed; but we could obtain no satisfactory information as to the origin of the document, which is certainly not in the handwriting of that accomplished queen. In the library at Bruges may also be seen a written list of the establishment of Charles II. and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., when the royal exiles resided in that once celebrated and still most interesting city. It is wholly devoid of interest; and we only observed that the barber of the roving monarch was favoured with a larger allowance of beer than any other person of the household. We might mention, by the way, that the only traces we could meet with of Charles's residence at Bruges, is an account of a visit the princes paid to the company of archers of St Sebastian, of which they became members, and inserted their names in the register, which may be still seen by the curious. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, when they visited Bruges, likewise enrolled themselves amongst the members of this ancient corporation, and added to the number of royal autographs already in its possession. To cite more modern examples of economy in the houses of the great, we find that Frederick the Great even disputed daily with his intendant about the expenses of his table, and knew the exact cost of every dish served up before him. Napoleon likewise insisted upon regulating his domestic expenses; and De Bourrienne relates that he entered into such minute details as to the expenses of the palace, that when, after a visit to Fontainebleau, the accounts were presented to him, the Emperor declared the sum for the orange-water placed in the ladies' rooms had been doubled.

Madame de Maintenon, who, with her confessor, may be said to have governed France during the declining greatness of Louis XIV., considered that her sister-in-law could with 15,000 francs (L.600) support all the expenses of her establishment. 'Meat,' she said, 'costs five sous a pound, sugar eleven. Your family comprises yourself, your husband, three maid-servants, four footmen, two coachmen, one commissioner—in all, twelve persons.

'Bread,	per day,	1 franc 10 sous.
Wine,	...	1 ... 10 ...
Butter,	...	2 ... 10 ...
Wax Candles,	...	10 ...
Common Candles,	...	8 ...

'You ought not to count more than four sous of wine for the four footmen and two coachmen, and you only need two fires in the house for four months besides the kitchen fire.

'Expense during the Year for maintaining the Family, including		
Fuel, Wine, &c.	...	6000 francs.
Horses' keep, Coaches, and Liveries,	...	4000 ...
Rent,	...	1000 ...
Clothes, Opera, Private Expenses,	...	3000 ...
Salaries, and Servants' Clothes,	...	1000 ...

Total, ... 15,000 francs.

'Thus you see,' continues Madame de Maintenon,

* At this period the rooms in England were not boarded: straw and rushes being spread out in winter, and leaves in summer.

'that you are wealthy with such a sum, and ought to live like a princess.'

The expenses of housekeeping have, it is true, considerably augmented since 1679, when the above letter was dated; and we have transcribed it only as affording an example of a domestic budget in those days, and to prove that housekeeping may be allied to wit, grace, and high rank. The fascinating Marquise de Sevigné likewise managed her household, and numerous examples might be adduced from her letters showing that she knew how to regulate her expenses. Still more might be said upon this subject; but it is sufficiently shown that individuals of the highest birth, alike distinguished by their talents and position in society, have not thought it derogatory to superintend their own affairs, or, in homelier language, keep their houses in order.

PARADISE OF DEBTORS.

The number of debtors in the County Prison at York seems to be always very large: many remain a long time, evincing no disposition to leave the place; and when it is considered what a very comfortable life they pass, with large airy rooms to dwell in, no work to do, plenty of company to associate with, spacious grounds to walk in, and with the county funds ready to purchase food for them if they have not property of their own, all surprise on this score must cease, the wonder really being that there are not ten times as many debtors, which there probably would be were the attractions of the place generally known. In fact, this prison, like many other debtors' prisons, is a luxurious kind of poorhouse—*workhouse* would indeed be a misnomer—where the lazy and extravagant are maintained at other people's expense, and where the bare idea of being required by their labour to do something towards earning their own bread, would be looked upon as the herald of unheard-of oppression and cruelty. Of the debtors in York Castle, at the time of my visit, one had been there nearly eleven years, two more than eleven years, and one fifteen years. The governor said that he did not think these men had any wish to leave the prison. I sent for the men to have some talk with them; and the drift of their replies to my questions was, that they would not apply for their liberation, because in so doing they should have to surrender their property.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison-Inspectors.*

FROST-SLEEP—ITS CURE.

In an excursion made in the winter 1792-3, from St John's to the Bay of Bulls, North America, Captain (the late General) Skinner forming one of our party, we had on our return to cross a large lake over the ice some miles in extent. When about the middle, Captain Skinner informed me that he had long been severely pinched by the cold, and found an irresistible drowsy fit coming on. I urged him to exertions, representing the fatal consequences of giving way to this feeling, and pointing out the state in which his wife and family would be found should the party arrive at St John's without him. These thoughts roused him to exertion for some time; but when he had reached the margin of the lake he gave way, and declared he was utterly unable to struggle farther, delivering, at the same time, what he considered his dying message to his family. As there were some bushes near the spot I broke off a branch, and began to thrash my fellow-traveller with it; at first without much apparent effect, but at length I was delighted to find that my patient winced under my blows, and at length grew angry. I continued the application of the stick until he made an effort to get up and retaliate. He was soon relieved from the torpor, and as we were now but a few miles from St John's I pushed on before the party, leaving the captain under special care. I left also the stick, with strong injunctions that it should be smartly applied in the event of the drowsiness returning. I soon reached the town, and had some warm porter, with spice, prepared against the arrival of my friends; with this and considerable friction he was enabled to proceed home, where he arrived perfectly recovered. He himself related the story at the Earl of St Vincent's table, at Gibraltar, many years afterwards, expressing at the same time much gratitude for the beating he had received.—*Memoirs of Admiral Brenton.*

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbet and brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon.
Take my word for't, my freen—'tis nae puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blithe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;
The spray, like the bright draps whilk rainbows distil,
Fa's in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;
The lightning-winged swallow, wi' nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cesar kens weel
When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good-will
The hard horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are many queer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill;
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill;
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic gatharin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld;
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring down his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows,
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows;
Their lang-barrelled guns wad an armoury fill—
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin', or christnin' a wee ane,
Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fleen';
Sic lauchin', sic daffin', sic dancin' until
The laft near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listened to music—ilk varying tone,
Frae the harp's deen' fa' to the bagpipe's drone,
But nae stirs my heart wi' aae happy a thrill
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill wheel!
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairn's meal!
Bless the miller, wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,
Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

—*Scotman.*

ENGLAND THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former, or terrene half; an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the aqueous hemisphere. The exact position in England is not far from the Land's End; so that if an observer were there raised to such a height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of land; if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of water.—*Quarterly Review.*

TO DETECT CHICORY IN COFFEE.

We have only to put gently into a tumbler of clear cold water a spoonful of coffee, which, if pure, will swim on the surface; if otherwise, the chicory will detach itself, discolouring the water as it sinks.

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